

THE LONGEST PALINDROME

JEFF GRANT

Hastings, New Zealand

Editor's note: The following palindrome of 5,023 words is claimed by the Guinness Book of World Records (1977 edition) to be the longest one ever constructed. To help the reader visualize its internal structure, the palindrome has been arranged in two columns on each page; the left-hand one is read in the normal manner, but the right-hand one reads from the bottom of the page to the top. Thus, mirroring parts of the palindrome can be found on the same horizontal line (or at most a line or two offset). As an aid, the first letter of every fifth line in the left-hand column has been underlined, and the corresponding letter in the right-hand column has been similarly underlined.

Evils nag apart,
 - Lunacy, a war.
 A few erase God's rota,
 Glum or placid.
Are we zany, not sane?
Design us, Sign!
 Oscillate men.
 O Sprawl!
 A Demon's die rents a brae.
 No gloss lacs a Relic - odyl?
 No laets stem menial profits,
 - A held, dumb bedel can!
 A Man of Farms,
 In a devil's rede confides!
Are Lives, in a mode, protyle?
 - Remote tirade ...
 Many rots onset a Roman Eyle,
 - Vile Tare!
 No senile tuts,
Allay a perse, rude Rider.
 O Brahma!
 Loot a burnet fosse.
 Let Satanism!
 Amid a benign Isle we jet.
 - A riposte?
 Spue damps a jail.
 Hades' Pall is no gardener.
 A zany Mirror resists it.
 O Genie!
Firm sin or a campus.

Can ultra pagans live?

Are we far away?

We radical promulgators, doges;
 Is Eden a stony naze?
 One metallic song is sung.

No medal warps,
 Sol! Go near bast Nereids.
 Steal only docile rascals.
 Muddle hastif, or plain emmets.
 Danism; raff; on a manacled ebb,

Is evil erased if no ceders live?
 To merely torpedo Man.
 No Story named a rite,
 Onerate lively enamorates!

Repay all astute lines.
 Harbored ire dures.
 In a tasteless, often rubato Olam,

Jewels ingine bad imams
 O Pirate!
 Dahlia jasp made upsets.

Rimy, Nazarene dragons illapse
 Is error.
 Macaronism, rife in egotists,

Dusk culprits girth guano's aery rot

- An assign?

- It's a fatal anger!

O Sage Vessel!

Did a stony tine

Let a rep misuse laws?

Eld dirdums poll a Gem;

- It's enamel, bare!

Never gaster a minor icily.

Do Leets foster a Nimrod,

In a Dene most roscid?

A Monk cursed,

An Ape's Orb mutely - rot!

A Rom in sly disuse,

Mallets a posh tiar.

Get analytic!

A despot scorned a last sentinel.

- A het agent?

No derider enrages a Rani.

A terse, curt liar,

Frets a Moslem Mufti.

A wasp must organise no Gala.

Covet a Beryl Disc.

It's an Omega!

- Loveliness uses it ...

O Crank Cull!

Lief asserts arose - gay overall.

A Fore's secret tiro stole.

- He's in a brusk cassock.

Risk no maim!

Any data keeps us wary.

Sere Hell! - It's a blain.

If an apodal gyp,

Passes up mede,

A Goth sips.

A paralytic apostle wastes.

Putrid recluses orate,

Sputum set on ostentate lips,

As timid, simial anabases abye.

So cosy, we doss,

Till a gross end.

No feudal lord warms,

In a rude garb.

Muses oppugn in arch sin,

If we deport a Swan.

- Gree made taut!

Can assent repel a bask call?

A rut annoys sane men.

- A stir of tuberculosis?

Airy tasks, a metal boy,

Riled a tense rimer,

Rig, stir, pluck suds up!

Is sanatory reason aught?

At a fasting,

Vega so regnal!

Imperate lenity, not sad idlesse.

Mud riddles wales us.

Time gallops!

Agre venerable Manes.

Minarets of steel, odylic iron

imarets,

Nomadic sorts omened a nidor,

Let umbrose panades ruck.

Idyls nim oratory

Lanate graith, so pastel, lames us.

A laden "roc" stops edacity.

Don't negate hale nit-nests!

Arase garnered ire!

Frail truces retain.

O Master!

In a grot, sumps await fummels.

Idly rebate vocal agones.

Senile, volage monastics

Ill-luck narcotises us.

Are voyages or astres safe?

O Ritter! Cesser of all!

Urbanise helots!

Monks irk Cossacks.

Peek at adynamia ...

A finial bastille - Heresy - raws us.

O Pan!

Sappy! ... Glad?

La! Rap aspish, togaed empuses!

Dirt upsets a Welt's opacity.

Smut upset a Rose's ulcer.

So note!

- It's a spile; tat; net.

A banal aim is dim.

It's so dewy, so cosey ... Bases?

A due fondness, or gall?

Umbraged uranism ... Raw? Droll?

Finish craning up poses!

Gnaws at rope-dew.

An actuated ameer

Yon natural lacks a bale pertness

But for it sane men ass.

O Lucre!

Oblate! Mask satyriasis!

Net a deliry!

One Venus traps an Adonis.

No dynasts ever go to Hades;
Revere a Red Elf.

- It's all unfit.

Natal bliss oft parades;

Ares is senile;

Vile gas rots a petal.

A fiery god sparks a mad onset;

- Ask Satan.

Eden is worse off one way;

So-graded rows dim its tips.

Secret taps start no welts;

Acts alone were made taboo.

Two new Eras dawn!

Agape, tots pass up, march to beg.

- Rustic Ill!

It's a fate bared ... Royal?

Some had no basis.

Evil storms in!

Ode! Hail age!

Recall every sword!

A still axe hews no citadel.

Life was drab; God's dignitary gone,

So Mars sent a fast, firm sign.

It's a war of murder!

Eve remits a pax of olive.

No! Defer it.

Ere we fill a birth,

Cusses are amoral.

- A cold nadir!

Can a Semite fill a rut?

Annul a totem?

A trooper cannot upset us ...

No? - It can!

Eden made us sit in a chair;

A place for eels to beg!

- Remote node?

Gay revel lets us go.

Jesus was a deliverer ...

- A scorned loser?

God asks a toll,

If one models in exile.

Hades saps a relative sot;

- A mock curse?

Man's Warden made no last call.

It's a vast ebb ignored!

Royal pots wag.

We grew open, if still.

A pupal Meet,

Sets a few an aim.

Is Evil's pall a cold light?

Art's uneven onward spirts
In Od - An Asp!

A Hot Ogre vests any dons,
A stifled era, ere versed.

A rapt fossil; blatant, if null;

Liveliness is erased.

If alate pastors age,

No damask raps do gyre

In Eden a task sates;

A wen of foes rows.

- Timid-sworded argosy!

Won't rats spatter cesspits?

A mere wen? O Last Castle!

Are we now too bated?

Saps tote pagan wads.

Both cramp us.

O slay order! Abet a fast, illicit
surge!

Is a bond a hem?

Lace regalia ... Hedonism rots
lives!

It's a drowsy revel.

Awe-filled at icons, we hex all.

No gyrating ids dog bards.

Rifts! A fatness - ramose.

Rum for a wasting ism!

O Fox! A pastime revered!

We retire, fed on evil.

Erases such tribal life.

An acrid and local aroma,

Poor; tame; total; unnatural life-
times?

Utes put on nacre.

Can it issue damned enactments?

O Fecal Pariah!

Bots leer!

Tell every aged one to merge!

A Saw's use jogs us.

Rocs are reviled.

O task! Sad ogres olden;

A Helix enisled - Omen of Ill!

Comatose, vital eras passed.

Damned raws! Names ruck ...

A vast ill acts alone.

-Gibbets!

Gewgaws to play order on?

Lap up all its fine power!

Simian awe ... Fast esteem ...

Gild local laps! Live!

O Buoyer!

Are we to say "no",
 Before paths are lit?
 A Lover is won.
 An era's Name reset a rose babel.
 Did ailing inebriates,
 Allot a pagan a title?
 Do most reverts oppugn it?
 Tips possess a metal elan:
 A Boot erased a rite.
 Does a bane peril a renegade?
 Meu quemes rows ...
 Tired? ... Lost?
 In ruby rifts a lot is drawn.
 One metallic song is sung.
 Is Eden ... alone?
 From a daedal gem upset,
 A base vaccine rises.
 Pale ruts open, as tired roots rot.
 A gored wall lets us gage no Lane.
 Vassal castes sat on eras' tips.
 Secret sin is tended afar.
 A Wonder began on a cot,

In a byre - Simple Hero?
 Fates erase zany ties.

A bard-set inured no war.
 O Tacit Song or Poet!
 Israel ... Can one design it?
 Lax eon meets eon; wards rot.
 Send an omen!
 An inane, venal class;
 A vast filth - Guano it!
 An id roots us moody men.
 Edeq made no salaam.
 God's names are deep:
 - Satan amasses booty.
 O Jesus! A moral age,
 Let a rebel in - A sign?
 Is a remote site,
 Basic in a Plan?
 A base lord does oppose births.
 Ire prevents any desire.
 Can a collapse gall a deliverer,

As regal lives pall a Cain?
 A man is no Sir of od.
 - Airy madness?
 Draw no revel, eery Dole!
 Man is no Essene.
 Kill a rose; life; deity ...
 Revere? ... Revile?

A sot ewer? Are you both?
 - Volatile, rash Taper of Ebony?
 Sere Man's arena now, Sire!
 Idle babes orate.
 - Benign Iliad?
 A gap, a toll, a set air.
 Post reverts! O Model Titan!
 Elate masses sop spitting up.
 - Tirades are too banal.
 Pen a base ode:
 Meu quemed a general ire.
 It's older; it's worse!
 Sit! O Last Firy Burn.
 Sign! Oscillate men onward!
 O Lane, design us!
 Glade, a dam, or fen ...?
 Irenic caves abate spume.
 Sane posture lapses.
 Tell law-derogators to order it!
 A class, a venal one, gags us.
 Sinister cesspits are not assets.
 A faded net ...
 Age bred no war.
 O Canon!
 Help misery - Ban it!
 Nazes are set afore
 A wonder unites drab aseity.
 O Prognosticator!
 Is Eden on a clear site?
 No exalting
 Nestors draw no esteem,
 Even an inane monad.
 Aught lifts a vassal clan,
 Dooms us to ordination.
 Alas! One damned enemy
 Erase Man's dogma!
 At a speed.
 Use jog to obsess a man
 Berate legal aromas!
 Tome-rasing is anile.
 A banal panic is a betise:
 Tribes oppose odd roles
 Never perish?
 O! Can a cerise dynast
 All ages pall.
 Villagers are reviled.
 In a maniacal lapse,
 Send a myriad of orisons!
 Reel ever onwards.
 Eons, in a melody,
 Defiles oral likeness.
 O Deliverer! Every tie

Do sages repel dieting?
 Is God's raceway so grassy?
 Basal tastes say "no".
 Before parts alone were man-made,
 We relieved insanities.

A bane denies order;

Casting up misery.
 God lost in us all,
 A past natural lifer.
 Bob tests a van ...
 Is it love? Rev it!
 Can a story rot an asset?
 Are brats at Israel cerise?
 - Many call aery bets.

A wino put up sillier eras.
 - Those rip meek attire.
 Meu gave no cates to rats or
 felines.

Tense births are bygone,
 Yet I won no war.
 Did one post insane men?
 An idiot amended no banana.
 Ira! Has Dino been as a self-
 furnace?

Can a tot liven a wasp;
 Mule so old; a hero?
 Fates snag roses so flat and loyal
 Eros! Did Ross yawl?
 A miser is no newer.
 A daft, pallid era fared ill.
 A padre had no bond!

A Moot Sign; a Gay Age;
 - Both crammed a nadir.
 Can all Essenes seek a mere
 carton?

Did Derek impugn a rise?
 We tag a new Anne;
 - Her idyll is not insured.
 Rose lays ramparts on Bantu
 buoys,

So Bill asks a toll.
 A Bane wagged a baton.
 Hannah saw some dynasts;
 - I met ten.
 Give no dill a prod!
 No fret sates one lord.
 Well, a renegade rips an id.
 I made roots too, by no brae.
 Will I trap a gay motet,

Ignite idle, perse gas!
 Awe cars, dogs ...
 Atlas? ... Abyss? ... Argosy?
 O Last Raper of Ebony Assets!

Ere we damn a mere wen,
 In a snide veil,
 Abase it!
 Sacred rose in Eden,
 O Gyres, Impugn it!
 A pall, a sun - it's old!
 Refill a rut - ants
 An active revolt is in a vast set,
 Bob.

A star berates sanatory rots,
 Ire clears it!
 I waste by real lacy names
 Ere ill is put upon.
 Take empires - Oh Tsar!
 A rot set a cone ... vague merit.
 Rash tribes net senile frost.

I draw on no wit; eye no gybe.
 As nits open od.
 Saharian ana bonded nematoid;
 inane men,
 Ruffles a sane, ebon id.
 A wan, evil tot; - an ace can,
 Organs set afore had loose lumps.

I'm always sordid, so relay old
 natal fosses.

Are we non-sires?
 A herd, a pallid era; fared ill -
 apt fad!
 A Gang is too mad - no bond?
 Sell an acrid anadem; march to be
 gay.

Remake Essenes!
 Red did not race!
 I rang up Mike.
 We nag at ewes
 Nit! On silly, dire henna,
 Mars! Yales order us ...
 I boss you, but nab no strap.
 A ballot asks all!
 Was Hannah not a bad egg; a wen?
 One vignette mists any demos.

No set aster - fond or pallid.
 Red amidin aspired a general,
 lewd role;
 I wear bony boots, too.

Or will I warn a belle?
Boys open an inane posy,

As a mob massed.
I say we depart now!
Get a gannet to rap a sot.
Lo! Did a bare drone beg a trepan?
I lived as a sign,
Or wasting nits all lay.
A pert relates one tale.
Rae! Can a plate mask calm sin?
A morose racist fed a bonded
daw,
On speed, as Rip ate vile manna.
Crisp morons warn Rob,
But Spiro gets a vase.
Pam lifts a fan - even I spun.
Waste no days on an isle, Beryl!
Gush to Mel a yodel.
Did a late host cast Ella ere noon?
Sid is not as bad as Lee.

Reg reveres an olive, for,
- It's a wonder ... a debt?
No wire nets a fleet.
So! Poor Dan is ill.
A rose rut parts a posh col.
Large totems gaged a mill,
As I lay by Alec.
An emeu gave zany Meg,
A rimy peel so dire.
Japanese boss Elsa with gusto.
I dig a gym!
A gossip saw a Tory burn a waste.
Baba wants a fond nag.
Nig! Gall Lisa with guano.
Pat's poor tone was tart,
So Lyn upset a het aloe.
Crusade to Vera's turret - we plod.
Ida masks a rep.
Pa! Did a sager Essene kill
A poor Aztec in a dell?
I knit a sign - it's a last angel.
Did we let a base rip?
Must I beg as pinnaces pall?
A romp made no swag.

We gybe gay agates.
Nora! My cast is enamel.
In Essex I met a Lenin.
A monk cussed a ride,
But Ned lost a thar.
- Ask no mede!

I wrote to my aga - part ill!
O Belle! Ban raw ill!
Sambo! Ma says "Open an inane
posy."
A teg won't rape dewy asides.
To sap a rotten nag.
Ben! Order a bad idol
In a pert age.
A wrong is a sad evil
Repay all lasting nits.
Relate no set alert;
I care, so Romanism lacks a met-
al panacea.
A deep snow added no bad efts.
No romp, Sir, can name live tapirs.
Rip stubborn raws!
Even a fast film apes a vast ego.
In a nosy ado, net sawn-up sin.
O Yale! Moths - ugly rebels,
A lad idled ...
Let's act so het!
Is no one real?
A dab sat on Sid.
A stir of evil on a sere verge reels.
I won't be dared now.
O Steel Fastener!
Or all, is in a droop.
Tote gralloch, so past raptures,
All I made gags me.
My naze, vague menace, lay by a lis.
O Sleepy Mirage!
Ti was less obese, nap a jerid.
Gag idiots - ugh!
Rot! A wasp is so gamy.
And no fast nawab abets a wan ruby.
Tap on aught - I was ill, lagging ...
Puny, lost rats awe no troops.
Pewter ruts are voted as urceolate
hates
Ere gas a didapper asks a mad idol
O Opal Likeness!
A lasting isatin killed a nice tzar.
Umpires abate lewd, idle gnats.
One damp, moral lapse can nip
sage bits.
Ron set a gay age by gewgaws.
- It's a cyma!
Elate mixes, senile manes ...
Suck no man in!
Sarah tats olden, tubed irades.
Set up sides! Abate a lede-monk!

Late, base disputes go flat,
 And no bods nag a pig.
 A model baths a clan - ever older.
 Can God's player get Al a sax?
 Alf! Ed! A jade tide raps a Goth.

Sir! A gyp sets sums.
 Seth sips a wen as super as
 tinsel.

Did a cadet turn odd?
 - A bad, loose lord . . ?
 Dot, Ali, Otis, Bob - rats all!
 - It's a torpor!
 Do sops agree?
 Jim, Adam, Ema, Tim, Ada,
 - Most cane my door.
 By a fossil lay a sewer.

A Dane rates or a weka mews.
 A sure Wop menace came.
 No lone kiln is still . . .
 - A yap ere we pall.
 A task comes so fast, in spasms.
 A crass golf-fop uses such su-
 pine men.
 An idiot; secret lama,
 Spots even a clod.
 In a trap sat a trader.
 If an issue was tense, we lived.
 Do gods garner a knot?
 As Mum made notes I made port.

O Gem! Cadets abase no petals.
 A nude man fists a free man.
 We had a spud.
 Nero stops no war.
 Did a don see strops?
 A meet sees a rise.
 We set a brat to confine my rota.

Toni! Man is all a sin.
 I gorge no stone, so Ray began a
 con.
 Aught lifts a pliant net.
 O Pat! I menace no fitness.
 A liar frets a side path.
 Sir! A gem!
 No citadel berths a gate,
 Yet a big nib besets a wen;
 - It's all orts!
 Won't Eve sup me too?
 Mel! A bane won a cost.
 A jade rets a gnat,

O Magi! Pagans do bond natal fog.
 Venal cash tabled?
 As alate, grey alps dog naced lore.
 Pared, I ted a jade flax.
 Sane, waspish Tess must espy
 garish togas.
 Nits are pus!
 Rutted, a cad idles.
 O Old Abaddon!
 I toil at odd roles
 O! So drop rotas till a star bobs.

I jeer, gasp.
 Am I tame, Madam?
 Broody men act so mad.
 Dare we say all is so fay?
 O Set Arena!
 Empower us, as we make war!
 Like no lone mace can.
 We repay all its sin,
 A fosse mocks a tall ape.
 Sarcasm saps nits!
 I push cusses up off logs.
 Alter cestoid; inane men.
 Can Eve stop Sam?
 Dart at a Spartan idol.
 Nets awe us - sin afire!
 Rags dog odd, evil ewes.
 Mum sat on Karen.
 Am I set on Edam?
 A basted acme got roped.
 Slate pones!
 A hewn ameer fasts if named
 "Una".
 I draw on spots or end up sad.
 A sport sees no dad.
 I raise esteem.
 Men! If no cottar bates ewes,
 Am I not a Tory?
 Negro gin is all a sin.
 Guano can age by a rose . . . not so!
 If one can emit a potent nail past
 filth,
 Frail assent . . .
 Garish tape - disaster!
 Trebled a tic on me.
 Ebbing, I bate, yet a gash,
 Stroll as tine wastes.
 So can Owen, a bale, moot empuse,
 vet now?
 Satan gastered a Jat,

As no elate man is tired
 Rona bans tinsel firths; a llano.
 Will I beg?
 Are we set as small as a nog?
 Won't I slap one venose target.
 Israel ... Can one desire.
 Poor tasks are no lone tirades.
 A Rasp mars all -- it parades.
 Are motile debates pure talk?

Wager us a sip.
 Ah! Can a dote dull a net
 For one vile pall?
 A top mite has a name,
 - Remote, mock cull!
 Lisa here heard no blare.
 Bill! As a bare woman acts, I fret.
 We post Sid a speedy carnage ...
 - Most fight!
 Rondel light lifts a last lax Essene.
 Nola! Tot! Fill a diadem;

March to beg,
 Are we pagan? It's older.
 O! Set art nods too.
 Be calm, Adam; live on reviled.
 Sue wastes no damp.
 An eye's orb must feel distress.
 A belle was Mary, not Sam.
 La! Pander Bill;
 - A man one was to stab.
 A jeu grasps a damp martyr; a
 wastrel,
 As dogs renig.
 Am I past it now?
 Sis is a boner, eh?
 We fill a rut, Anna,
 But is nine my real age?
 Rot! No sail had to obsess.
 A dell - it's not a sewer,
 It is a warm aisle.
 Beryl! No pal cast in dude garb
 must sit.
 Fell apes pall a cold nadir.
 Can a tall Arab menace no law?
 On no day a sot nets a hedonist,
 So he tuts a wart.
 Ross an' I were mates, so cosy.
 A dynast lobs pans to Lynna.
 Can a tot's dill order a dim sign?
 - It's a late spur!
 Even sums are foxy:
 No liar toed one line.

- It's in a metal eon.
 Nits nab an order;
 Bill! I won all ash trifles.
 Nasal lams sate sewerage.
 Grates on even opal sit - now go!
 "Is Eden on a clear site?"
 No loner asks a trooper,
 As ramps arased a rite.
 Upset a bedel - I, Tom, erased a
 rapt ill,
 A chap is a sure gawk later.
 O Tall Ape! Liven, or often allude
 to Dan.
 Has ill-luck come to mere Man, as
 a het imp?
 Bond Rae here?
 Can a mower, a basal liberal,
 O Pewter fist!
 O Megan! Racy, deep sadists.
 Gilled north? Gifts?
 Aid all, if total oneness exalts a
 last filth.
 Lost in a gape we rage - both
 crammed.
 Lace boots don't rate so red.
 Deliver no evil, Madam,
 Mad onsets awe us.
 Umbrose, ye nap.
 Eb asserts idle efts.
 As Tony rams a well,
 I bred napalm.
 Jab at sots - a wen on a mall,
 A wary tramp; mad asps argue.
 God's alerts!
 Won't it sap imaginers?
 Ban natural life where no basis is.
 Boot dahlias onto regal, aery men -
 in situ.
 We sat on stilled asses.
 I am raw as I tire.
 A clap only rebels.
 Pal! Leftist umbrage dud nits.
 Can embar all at an acrid and
 local lapse.
 Hasten to say a don, now alone.
 Assort raw, astute hosts in ode:
 So cosset a mere win.
 A canny lot snaps bolts any day.
 I dare droll ids to tan.
 Never upset a lasting ism.
 O Trail Onyx of Erasmus!
 O Senile Node!

Sonar is a doom trepan.
 I saw Bob's garret fade.
 Carlo did err!
 A Jap saw a boss cit,
 Poll a marse last.
 As a male grabs no swag, we
 gab argot.
 Poor tips arise, so plain.
 Even if Roses agree, Sonia
 gasps ...
 - A gere!
 Have masses seen insane Venus,
 As Adonis baths a wen?
 A fast side rips a fob.
 O Jaded Nero!
 Give us no suet or peridot.
 We may rot a rotal fleur.
 Can a bane design it?
 Lax Eton bards yell afore.
 Pat a miser - one slap or two?
 Hot, top militia was dicy,
 So Ross let omniana in.
 Models impose taut curfews.
 A Tory agot no cits
 I possess all a nob must feel.
 In a god's era,
 We do cart some hemp.
 March saw a sage model laws,
 But dirt upset a banal age.
 Reg! Assay a base delegate.
 So note! Rip said, "Rats!"
 A bog? ... A dam?
 Is a pastel mighty?
 May! Call a fat serf,
 For even we hate Janie.
 Vile Lorna traps a Romany.
 Did a nit parade votes,
 Or Aileen kiss a mask?
 Curse no dew!
 Allan made Ma glad.
 Does a race, radio lull
 ectoplasm?
 - Sign it to Rev.
 O Bad Egg! At dawn we sat up.
 I say no tacit ones sell a gem:
 Alate loco corroded no byre.
 Vera's garden made many a gale.
 Do mossy arts eye no mallets?
 Detail a terse call,
 As upon a dim sedan I sit.
 Ah! Were loci not a sign?
 - Or was it a sign?
 - It's Alec in step.

Bob was in a pert mood as I ran.
 A wasp; a jarred idol; raced after
 rags.
 Ram all optics ... sob.
 Sons barge lamas at sales.

I rasp; I troop to grab a gewgaw.

O Seer! Gases or fine venial
 poses?

Sam! Eva here gasps again.
 As uneven as nine esses.
 Wash tabs in odas,

A job of aspired ists, a fane.
 On Sue, vigor ended.
 A mew to dire Proteus,
 Is Eden a ban - a cruel, flat oratory,
 - Drab, not exalting.

Senores, I'm a taper of alleys,
 I limp, Otto. How tropal!
 So rosy Cids await.

Sop misled omniana in motels:
 Onto gay rotas we fructuate.
 Dog anile efts; umbonal lasses
 sopistic

Hem ostracode wares!
 Walled omegas, awash, cramp me.
 Bates putrid tubs.

Ledes abay as sage, regal ana
 I aspire to no set age.

I'm a dago bastard,
 A fallacy; a myth, gimlets a pas.
 Live in a jet - a hewn, ever -
 off rest.

Rapt in a didynam or a Spartan
 role.

I kneel - I arose to Veda,
 Rucks amass!

Me? Damn all awed ones.
 Rase odd alga!

Al! Pot celluloid areca;
 Above rotting isms.
 As I put a sewn wad, tagged,

Let a lame gal lessen otic atony,
 Damned rags are very bonded or
 rococo.

So model a gay name.
 Stella! Money estrays,
 All aces retaliated.
 What is in a desmid, an opus?
 O Lere!

"Piscines seem wet," sez a
monk.
No mates are late.
Man! I see good taps.
In a fatal, remote spot sits a map.
Use right lift, on for a way!
No ... left!

So, let a base cartel distill a fog:
No sad idyll is erased.
A rider cast nary a mist.
Won't a stink rise?
Many mods back compo tax on a
roster.
Get up to ponder a bore.
Here, maniacs do omen a sparse
ill.

A star began at a sewer,
As I roamed under its gullet.
So! Hades' pale gap marks.

A mad wont is in even us.
La! Demons tend no fonts.

A case carts a flash sari.
Mab beset a god.
Erin is worse pff one day.

No beer upsets at a malt repast.
Sit! O! Get a damp marmot to ban it
If Sam eludes a bad, low angel,
A boss eyes no review;
A diva notes Tony.
Arts liven as I rot.
Can a boss-player get aloe?
Crude garb must cage my reel last.
Can Adam's rooms be?
- We ride its girder!
Can't I bar glossy ale?
Bret lifts a vase.
Lord! Do spots debase no dicast?
Seth's a gay, rank cull!
Lisa, here, may beg a sneer.
Greg! I tone Tim's tub.
So bold loyals tip:
A tot masks a leer.
Can I now erase Carla?
I never use both sadism; regret.
Sad eras pass some kids.
Draw deep - it's an opus.
Tell a wee sot, "Pots sag".
Even I play by a lion.
I was a liar ...

A wrong is a tonic!
Nice lasting isatis.
Stew me Essenic sippets;
Set a monk no maze?
Do ogees in a metal era
O Merl! At a fan I spat.
Up a mast I stop, set.
A war of ... not filth ... gires!
Abate lost felony?
Did a song of all its idle traces
Sacred irades are silly.
At nowts I may rant.
Do my names irk nits?
Put egrets or an ox atop mock
cabs.
Cain, a mere hero, bared no pot.

Allies rap sane moods.
Are we Satan-Age brats?
Lapsed, a hostel lugs tired, nude
Maoris.

Uneven ... Is it now damask
rampage?
Fast races acast no fond nets, no
medals.
Am I rash, Sal?
Do gates ebb?
A den of foes rows in ire.
A pert lama tastes pure ebony.
Mad at egotists,
Fit in a bottom ramp.
Gnaw old, abased ulemas.
I've Ron's eyes, so bale.
Not set on avid awe.
An actor is an evil stray,
Urceolate, grey alps sob
Meg acts umbraged.
Moors? Ma! Dan acts all eery,
Nacred rigs tie dire webs.
A vast filter belays Sol. Grab it!
A bed stops odd roles.
Nary a gash tests acid ones.
Green sage by a mere has ill-luck.
Slay old lobos, but smite no tiger.

Ask Sam to tap it.
In a creel?
Venial races are won.
Germs! I dash to be sure,
Edward's dike-moss saps a red
aster,
Stop to see wallets upon a stipe.
I lay by alpine vegas.

Fred! Lessen damp;
 Mill a cold, new one.
 Fill a rose tam!
 It seemed a cadet saw a part,
 No dewy grower beheld;
 It's a laser!
 I fret to confine my tin,
 As still as Tim.
 Mock colons adorn it,
 Post rats to Iraq ...

Elder, frail as a wino,
 End local limp madness!
 Estimates oral life now.
 A wasted academe
 We don't rap.
 A last idle Hebrew orgy,
 Men! If no cotter fires,
 Commits all its sanity.
 Opt in rod, as no Tock,
 A riot starts!

Editor's note: In a recent letter, Jeff Grant writes that the palindrome which he sent to Guinness, presented above, has since been expanded to 10,230 words; in the process, he has made hundreds of adjustments to the original. He is presently writing up a "translation" to aid the reader in understanding the hidden meanings of the enlarged version. David Stephens, whose palindromic work has earlier appeared in Word Ways, recently completed a palindrome of approximately 5,300 words. These are at present the longest palindromes known to the editor.